

The Carnival Inside My Head

At the front stands a single, unreliable ticket booth,
Too often letting the wrong people in,
And too often keeping the right people out.
The blame isn't in the ticket,
But rather the one selling them.

Then again, how is he supposed to know the difference
Between those who will place that ticket in their scrapbook,
And those who will tear it in half and throw it in the trash?

A roller coaster, well known as "Emotional",
Is slowly climbing the hill of Judgment,
Finally reaches the peak of Rejection,
Suddenly drops through Acceptance,
Quickly weaves around Happiness,
Threatens to de-rail at any moment,
And abruptly ends right where it began.

I no longer wonder why I used to fear this ride,
But notice it only seats one,
And I'm the only one in line.

Two bumper cars on the left,
Past colliding with Future,
Memory colliding with Imagination,
Nightmare colliding with Dream,
And Hell colliding with Heaven.
I have no doubts as to who's going to win,
Because the Future will always beat the Past,
Imagination always beats Memory,
Dreams always beat Nightmares,
And Heaven always beats Hell.

In the back corner,
A ball called "Hope" is launched by an optimistic hand
Towards three cups known as Fame, Fortune, and Fortitude,
In an attempt to win the ultimate prize,
But the biggest mistake was paying to play the game in the first place.

Life is like picking a single duck out of the water,

We may not always like the prize,
Yet we should take it anyways
Because we will not always get what we want
And it's better than nothing.

My thoughts spin in circles,
Around and around,
Like the unending Ferris Wheel called "Love"
And my feet freely dangle in the air
Because I have no place to put them down;
But when I do, the ground trembles and sends me in the wrong direction.
Yet I refuse to regret,
Because regretting is giving up to the past
And anything worth regretting is not worth remembering.

As we get older,
Old rides start to rust,
New rides are built to replace them,
And it's about time we realize,
No two carnivals are exactly the same.

Razorblade

A steady stream of pain rolled down her cheeks
As I entered her dimly lit room,
On a night I will never forget.

The pain leaped from her face
And softly landed on the floor,
Creating a salty leak beneath her.

I went to sit down,
And she quickly pulled away her weapon of choice,
So as not to hurt me.

The liquid meant to stay within
Bitterly rested on the edge,
And looked upon us in defeat.

She then pulled out her toolbox
In the shape of a shoebox
And placed the weapon next to all her other instruments of self-destruction.

Tonight was a razorblade,
Yesterday was a box-cutter,
And I pray tomorrow will be nothing.

I started to speak but bit my tongue,
Because the right words are like lost love,
Barely out of reach, but rarely found.

She claimed it made the pain disappear.
I knew better because her face was still hidden in her hands
And physical wounds don't amount to mental ones.

She finally looked up and noticed my empathetic face,
As I gazed into her eyes,
In wonder of what was going on behind them.

I gently placed her head on my shoulder,
Wiped her tears,
And promised her everything would be alright.

I knew she heard my words but didn't understand them,
Because she refused to believe that life was long,
And that happiness would eventually find her.

We sat silently as thoughts raced through our heads.
We had no reason to talk,
For we knew what the other was thinking.

I looked upon her arm at the once-bloody slit,
That would forever remain engraved,
Right next to all the others.

I reminded her that when all appears to be lost it can only get better,
Because a tree that loses its leaves in the fall always grows more in the spring,
And winter is almost over.

I had yet to lose hope,
For if I gave up,
Who would save her from herself?

Library of the Lord

As I grow in age,
I start to realize,
Every day is like a page,
To be read by only one's eyes.

Every chapter holds a meaning,
Whether implicit or explicit,
Gleaming or demeaning,
Only one can judge it.

The binding holds it all together,
And each staple is a friend,
Making it impossible to weather,
And impossible to bend.

Every book is constantly refined,
Too expensive to afford,
And perfectly aligned,
In the library of the Lord.

Dear Bible

Dear Bible,

I speak as your loving disciple.

I hold you near,

And I hold you dear.

You are always there,

Yet you never stare.

With you I never fear,

And with you I rarely steer.

I read your words,

As mighty swords.

You give me knowledge,

I can't attain in college.

You always know what to say,

And with me, you stay.